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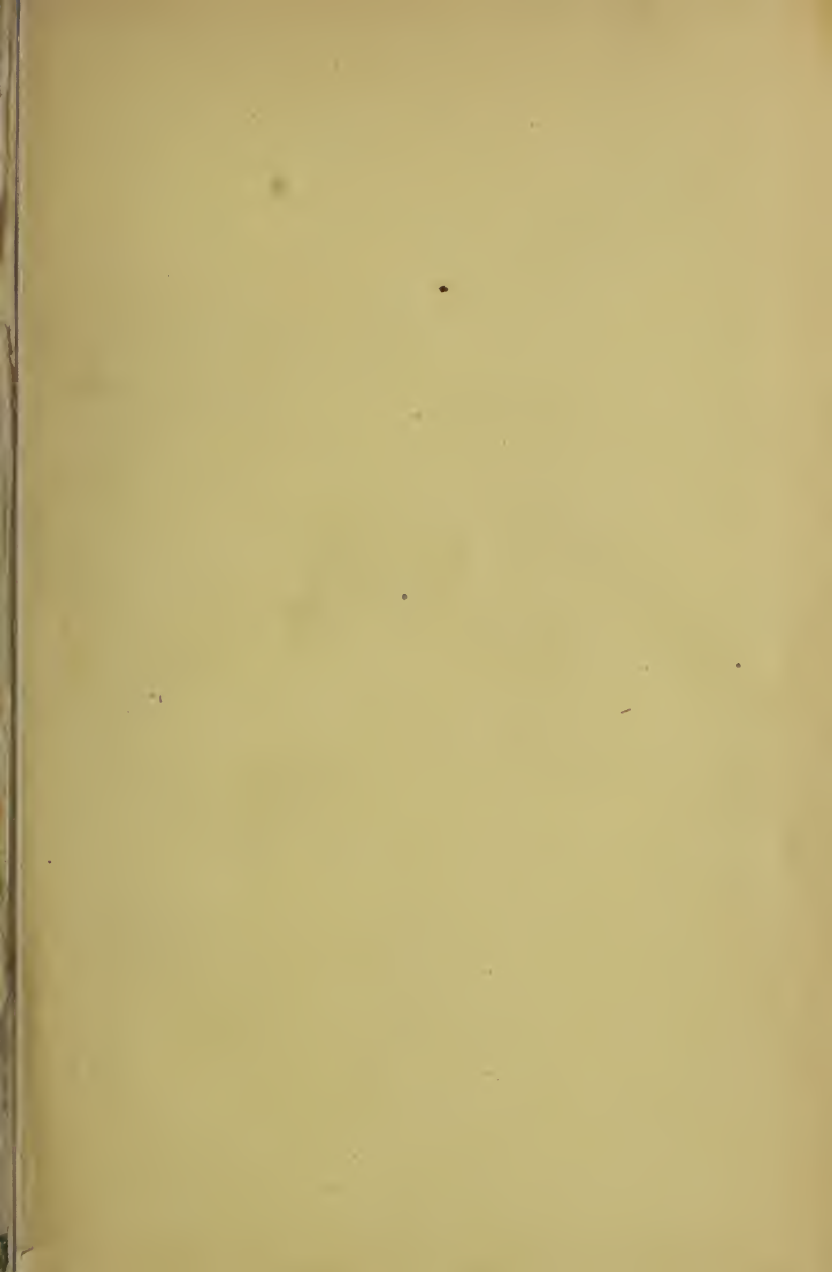
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LIFE AND LIGHT

FOR

Heathen Women.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1870.

No. 5.

TALKS WITH HEATHEN WOMEN.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

I HAVE often wondered whether many of my American sisters comprehend the difficulties attending efforts to give the ignorant heathen women, even one clear idea of what it means to be saved through Christ. You have heard encouraging things: let me tell you of some that are discouraging.

There are a few pages in "The Cross in the Cell" which I have read many times. They refer to the great question, What shall I do to secure the salvation of these souls? The work seems still more difficult, when under the depression of the feeling, that perhaps this is the only opportunity they will ever have of hearing of a Saviour. The following scene is illustrative of many in a missionary's experience.

I had just turned the blinds of my window for a little shade and rest, on the noon of a hot day, when a voice outside called to me, "You must come out, if only a few minutes: don't refuse us. We have come on purpose to see you." There had been a large gathering of Mohammedans at some ceremonies at a celebrated tomb, for two days. The day previously, I had

been visited by a company of twenty-five women, and now another party had come.

Of course, I went out to see them. One glance showed that they were of a better class; and they seated themselves on the veranda, — forty-one women, besides girls and boys. Whatever motives of curiosity brought them, there was no wish to know of Jesus. What can I possibly do to turn even one soul towards salvation? Bear in mind the foreign tongue; the glare and heat; the imperative necessity of gaining such ascendancy over them as to keep them quietly listening; the noisy children; the sudden thrust at you of a question that reddens your cheek; the cool survey of yourself, as if you were an idle show: and then pray for us who stand in your stead.

I wish to convey the idea, if possible, that Christ bore our sins, and was punished for us; and therefore we are saved. So I begin: —

“Whom do you like best, — those who try to please you, or those who don't care for you?”

“Those who like us,” says the woman who wears a cloth with a palm-leaf figure. You very quickly detect the more intelligent as well as the more impudent of your audience.

“If you tell one of your children not to go to the bazaar, and he goes, what do you think?”

“I beat him,” says the woman with a monstrous ring in her nose.

“We all like obedient and kind servants and children,” I continue. “Now, try to understand me. These are my two children. I tell the little one that she must never go out of that gate; and one day she goes.”

“Why don't you make holes in their ears?” says a woman with a white cloth. Upon this, her neighbor punches her, and says, “You fool you, — don't you know you mustn't talk?” and she goes off into a berating speech, that taxes my patience more than the question itself. As soon as possible I continue:

“This little girl goes out, and disobeys me. What must I do?”

“No matter about it. She is only a little girl,” says one. “Beat her if you are angry,” says another. Alas! their ideas of obedience to parental authority are sadly at fault.

“Must I not punish her for disobedience?” I said.

“Make her afraid to go again,” said a woman who was nursing a baby.

Just here, three women with very dirty cloths and tangled hair, who had been sitting on the edge of the group, yawned aloud, and stretched themselves out for a nap.

“I cannot allow that,” I said: “it is quite too disrespectful. You can go, but you cannot stretch yourselves out on my veranda.” Two sauntered away; and one sat up, and listlessly guided her finger up and down the seam of the mat.

Having disposed of this interruption, I make another attempt. “We were talking about punishing this dear little girl for disobedience. It must be done. There is no escape. I am very sorry, but my orders must be obeyed. Now, her sister’s heart is full of love and grief; and it seems ready to break. She comes weeping to me, and says, ‘O mamma! don’t punish my dear little sister: if you punish me, will not that do?’”

The presence of these dear children added to the effect of my remarks; and many eyes were turned towards them, with exclamations such as, “Golden child! good child! lovely child! not one in a thousand would do that!”

“Yes,” I continue, “that is just the way we all feel when we see such love. I punish her, and what does the little sister do, but look on with many tears; and after that, if she has some candy or some nuts”—

“Gives half,” interrupted a dozen voices at once. Now we have secured complete attention. Can we think fast enough to give them one such view of Jesus’ love, and the adoring, grateful love of a saved sinner, before the mind unused to

thought is gone to the ends of the earth? Oh for a thousand tongues!

“Give half! yes, indeed: more than half, and even the whole, — will she not?”

“Yes,” said the woman with the palm-leaf figured cloth: “she never will forget it.” This is the woman whose eye I have kept from the first, and upon whom it seems as if the strength of my soul’s desire had fallen. Looking at her, I ask, “Have you ever done any thing wrong?”

“Yes, indeed. How many lies I’ve told! We are all sinners.”

“We are all sinners,— all liars,” echo many voices.

“How very sad it all is!” I reply. “God has said that the one who commits one single sin can never enter his beautiful home, but must go to be punished.”

Here two nicely-dressed women, who had shown not a little haughtiness, said to the others, “We have been here long enough: come, let us go.”

Not discouraged at the general moving, so long as I had the eye of that woman with the palm-leaf figured cloth, I said, with an earnestness that arrested even the children, “And will He not keep his word? You can never escape from that punishment,— never. What do you think was done up there in the glorious courts above? God’s Son said, ‘Let me go to that world, and be punished in their place. They will love me and let me guide them, and I will bring them here to dwell forever.’ So, when God’s time had come, he came. Do you know his name?”

“Jesus Christ,” said the woman with the palm-leaf figured cloth. The next instant, suddenly rising, she exclaimed, “He never came; he *never* came, — *never*.”

“No, he never came,” said others, the best listeners, rising.

“How do you know that?” I quietly asked.

“We never saw him,” said my excited friend.

“ Have you a grandfather ? ”

“ To be sure,” she replied ; “ but I never saw him : he died when I was so high.”

“ Then you never had a grandfather.”

“ Why do you say so ? ”

“ Because you never saw him.”

“ But I’ve heard others tell about him ; ” and, turning to the others, “ what does she mean ? ”

“ This is what I mean : I never saw Jesus ; but others who have seen him, and who knew him, have told many things about him, and I believe them. Whether you believe it or not, the great truth stands, — Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.”

“ He never came : never. I don’t believe it. We are going. Salaam.”

The whole were on their feet in an excited hurry to be gone. Another word was out of the question.

So they went, — forty-one women, besides boys and girls. We may have very quiet and even pleasant talks with Mohammedans, so long as we confine ourselves to other topics than that of a crucified and risen Lord. But the first approach to the great central doctrine of the cross rouses their opposition ; and we find ourselves in a tumult, from which we are only too willing to escape.

MANA MADURA, INDIA, Sept. 6, 1869.

CHINA.

TUNGCHOW.

THE following extracts of a letter from Mrs. CHAPIN, cannot fail to interest our readers : —

“I think I never was happier than yesterday. Twelve women present at the services, and not one listless or uninterested ! I have never seen the truth take such hold, on hearing it for the first time.

AN EAGER LISTENER.

“One, named Chii, over seventy years of age, seemed full of wonder and delight, and, while listening, burst out : ‘They are indeed all false, senseless gods, the work of our hands : never again will I do them reverence. Why ! I have taken the garments from my back, to get incense to burn at the temples !’ In the afternoon she went to the chapel, and gave fixed attention ; and, when particularly pleased, nodded her assent, and even spoke aloud. At night, I asked what she had learned on this first day : she promptly answered, ‘That there is one only true God. I shall come to hear more of this new doctrine.’

VALUABLE ASSISTANT.

“In work and prayer, our dear Mary Andrews and I are one. I wish every mission station had such a one, for the sake of the missionaries, as well as the natives.

NEW BIBLE-READER.

“I obtained a Bible-reader by Mrs. Goodrich’s going home. She has been with them as servant, and is a member of their church. I have long coveted her, but felt that, in Mrs. Goodrich’s poor health, she had a mission there. In many respects she is well fitted for her work : loves to learn, and loves to teach ; has a winning manner ; is never out of humor ; and,

being a Manchu, has large feet, and so can take long walks. Directly after morning prayers, I spend an hour with her, studying the Scriptures. She seems to prize this opportunity, and asks many questions. She goes the rest of the day, and studies faithfully in the evening. Her heart is in the work. She does not force herself upon any one, but goes when invited, and often comes home with her face glowing, to tell of new places opened. She prays much.

[The W. B. M. have assumed the support of this Bible-reader.]

THE MOTHERS' PRAYER-MEETING.

“We have a mothers' prayer-meeting once a week, and they have become very precious seasons. The Christian women all pray, and the petitions for their families are simple and earnest. Last week, Miss Andrews read the story of the crucifixion; and we tried to make them feel that scene was for each. One woman had in her prayer, ‘You died, we live!’ It was the most solemn meeting we have had; and I felt, on coming out, that no circumstances which at present exist could send me to America.”

FOUCHOW.

Extracts from a letter by Miss PAYSON:—

LEAVE-TAKING.

“Our school had a vacation in July, lasting until the first of September. The pupils came to bid me adieu; but the leave-taking was quite formal, as I could only say, ‘Walk slowly,’ which is synonymous with our ‘Good-by;’ and could neither shake hands nor kiss them, because it is not the custom here. In return, they desired me to ‘seat myself,’—the most polite form of leave-taking on the part of the visitor. I had learned to say, ‘Pray every day,’ and was glad to show my interest in their spiritual welfare, even in so simple a manner. We hope the heathen homes to which most went heard much gospel truth

from their lips. They sing sixty or seventy hymns, without books ; and, doubtless, many strains precious with Jesus' name fall on ears unused to such utterances. We long for the conversion of these girls : they might exert such an influence for Christ in their vacations.

STRANGE CUSTOMS.

“ Chinese houses are often far from inviting. In one, where a woman sat sewing near the door, we saw fourteen small black pigs sleeping on the floor near her. Air-tight coffins, containing the bodies of friends who have been dead six or eight years, often stand in the family room ; as keeping them thus is an act of great respect to the departed.

E-PO.

“ We rarely pass the door of E-Po, one of our most exemplary church-members, without looking in for a moment. She is a little woman, over sixty years old, and her name, E-Po, means simply ‘old lady,’ it being universally applied to respectable women of her age. She became interested in the truth by hearing singing at family prayers in the missionaries' houses, and was received into the church two or three years since. Every morning, unless ill, she is at school-prayers ; and, though she reads but little, has a hymn-book, and sings on her own key, with great earnestness. Kiu Kok, one of the scholars, goes daily to her house, and teaches her to read the Bible. Not long since, being sick, and partially deranged, she would not permit her heathen neighbors to wait upon her, but was delighted when members of our school called, saying, ‘ These are God's people : they are good.’

E-PO'S HOME.

“ Her home is a room eight feet square ; and the rent, three dollars a year, is quite reasonable. The floor is of hard earth ; a

rude bedstead stands in a corner, and near it the large smoky furnace for boiling rice and frying fish; a table, two or three bamboo stools, a rack for rice-bowls and chop-sticks; while clothing, boxes, pails, jars, and baskets so fill up the rest of the apartment, that there is barely space for two persons to turn round. But here dwell the wife, husband, and a young man, an adopted son. Above, loose boards indicate a sort of loft, — the lodging-room of the youth. The husband often treats his wife very unkindly; and, either from laziness or inability to obtain work, she is barely kept from want. We praise God that his light has entered E-Po's abode, and that some day the gates of heaven may open for her admission. The darker the night, the brighter, surely, will seem the dawn.

THE LONELY WIDOW.

“ Another E-Po, a widow, has more of this world's goods than the former. Her room has a floor of boards, and contains painted furniture. Its contents, however, are quite as miscellaneous as those of the other; a dozen or more baskets hung from the roof constantly coming in contact with our heads. A married son, with his wife, dwells in the same room, taking down an extra bedstead every morning, and setting it up at night. The daughter-in-law, about seventeen years of age, with a bright, pleasant face, came in while we were calling, having finished her day's work of assorting skins. She told us that her wages for ten hours or more of daily labor were not quite three cents. The elder woman seems interested in hearing the gospel. She once asked Mrs. Baldwin to give her son, who can read, a book from which he might learn filial respect, as he was not dutiful. She had been left a widow twice; and, as she sits alone sewing, the tears often roll down her cheeks. With so few comforts here, and no light for the hereafter, it is no wonder that she sometimes weeps.

SEED-SOWING.

“These are not harvest-times: many days of patient broadcasting of seed must come first. Comparatively few women have embraced the truth, though some are earnest, sincere inquirers. Mr. Hartwell baptized one lately, at an out-station, whose husband greatly persecuted her on account of her faith. He even followed her to church, one Sabbath morning, cursing and threatening her while at worship. But she paid no attention, and came in the afternoon as usual. There are a few women interested in Mr. Woodin’s field, so we are not without hope. Pray that the harvest-time come quickly.”



TURKEY.

THE PRIEST’S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

BY MISS MYRA PROCTOR.

[OUR readers will be glad to learn that Miss Proctor reached Aintab Oct. 25, 1869. We are happy to give the following narrative from her pen:—]

“Sister Varteni has fallen from a ladder and injured herself,” reported a native friend one day; and, in great fear lest we were to lose this faithful mother in Israel, I went at once to see her. She was unable to walk, and suffering severely from the casualty; but, as usual, looking on the bright side.

“I was needing something,” she said; “for I had not had any sickness or pain for a long time, and was forgetting to sympathize with the feeble. True, the flesh is weak, and I cannot bear pain very well; but it is good for me, and with pain God gives comfort to his children.”

As I sat with her one evening during her illness, she told me many incidents of her early life. She was the grand-daughter of a priest, who taught her to read when a child. In fact, when the missionaries first went to Aintab, in 1848, she was the only Armenian woman who could read intelligently. When about fourteen, Varteni was taken sick, and was wholly confined to her bed for three years. "But it was a blessed thing," said she; "for then God made known to me his power. Every one who called upon me would shake her head, and say, — perhaps thoughtlessly, and without any true faith in God, — 'This is from God;' but the expression, so often repeated, set me to thinking. Before this I had thought myself strong; but now I saw I was weak, and felt that God alone was powerful. My father spent a great deal for physicians, but they could not help me. I began to cry to God, — '*Ya Rabb sen pek kooveth imish sin,*' — 'O Lord, thou art very powerful, they say; help me: if it be thy will, raise me up to health again.' There were a few cases of plague in the city, and I was taken with it. My friends thought that surely now my hour was come. Seven buboes appeared, but passed away lightly, and with them my former disease; and I arose up healthy. I felt that God had heard my prayer; and ever after I kept the idea of his great might in my mind. I felt a friendship towards him, loved him. I did not understand about Jesus, or know the way of salvation perfectly. I learned that afterwards from the gospel, but never lost the idea of God's strength; and, when I sinned, I felt that I had a great Saviour."

I asked her what she did for her soul's welfare before she heard the gospel. She replied that she carefully kept all the rules of her church, strictly observing the fasts, and attending to the sacraments and prayers. She was not one of the very first converts; but when her mind did perceive the idea of a Saviour's dying love, and the way of salvation through him, her heart laid hold upon it with a clinging and unyielding grasp. Her hus-

band soon manifested his enmity, and forbade her attending the Protestant services. "I shall obey you," she replied; "but do not think you will thus lead me to forsake this new way. I've found the truth, and shall abide by it!" His opposition gradually ceased; and years afterwards, in answer to the prayers of his faithful wife, he, too, was rejoicing in the light.

Of her manifold labors for her people, I can give but the merest outline. She was a seamstress, with her home full of little sewing-girls. These she taught to read, toiling until late in the evening to make up the lost time. Many a half-day she laid aside her work to go from house to house, and read the Scriptures to those who would not attend church. Her kind, motherly ways usually secured the respectful attention of those whom she addressed; but I never saw her face brighter than when we were one day driven angrily away from an Armenian house. She rejoiced that she was counted worthy to suffer even this bit of persecution for Christ's sake. With no monthly wages, and no ceremony of laying-on of hands, she was yet a most efficient Bible-reader and an excellent deaconess. Latterly she has sometimes been employed by the church in Oorfa as their teacher and Bible-reader.

She is now about sixty-five. She will not long be a life-member of your Society; but I rejoice that her name is to be recorded on your list. How often in this life is the promise fulfilled, "He that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together"!

HARPOOT SEMINARY.

In a recent letter, Mrs. Wheeler gives an interesting account of the examination of the Harpoot Female Seminary:—

"All of the twenty-two graduates were married except one. They did themselves honor in all the studies except arithmetic. In astronomy, geography, and Bible, they would be a credit to any school; and the compositions were as good as Holyoke girls write. We heard essays from those who had been in the semi-

nary but two years, that would not have disgraced a theological student. One, entitled 'The Education of Women,' by Asncev, a woman from Bitlis, was interesting enough to be published. The following topics were discussed: 'Should the ministry be rich?' 'Should the theological student be a married man?' 'We are to preach the gospel to our own nation' and the negative, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' One of the class read an essay on, 'How shall we improve our nation?' When asked if she wrote it herself, she replied, 'I have spent all my spare time for six weeks upon it, often working till midnight.' She is a wife, and has a little babe to care for. But her patience and toil were rewarded by the high position given to her composition. Dear Mrs. B., I wished you were present when this class received their diplomas! It was easy to love such neat, interesting young ladies. Most are earnest Christians; and their teachers have hope that all are renewed. We believe they go forth to be bright lights among their dark sisters. We can train them in our seminary, but they can do more than we in the homes of this land. We are foreigners, but they can get close to the hearts of their sisters. We hope they will soon be able to take all this work, and we be free to go to darker regions beyond."

BITLIS.

Miss Mary A. C. Ely, giving some account of her labors among the women, says, "The privilege of working for souls is more and more delightful and encouraging, especially as we see so much need of labor, and such precious results.

MODE OF INSTRUCTION.

"The manner of giving instruction differs widely from methods adopted in our own country. A few examples will illustrate this. An old lady, physically unable to learn to read, with tears

streaming down her cheeks, inquired, 'Can a person be saved who does not know how to read?' To the reply, 'You can, if you believe in Christ,' she said, 'Who does not? We all believe in Christ; but I don't think we shall all be saved.' I answered, 'If you believe in him, you will love him, and try not to sin, and ask him to help you; but if you do not try to stop sinning, though you pray, he will not help you; for he will see that you love sin better than his favor.' Another asked, 'I have no money to put into the Lord's treasury: cannot I fast one day in the week instead?' I replied, 'If, to advance the Lord's work, you would rather give one day's allowance of food than to eat it yourself, do so; but do not think that going hungry will atone for your sins: Jesus has done that.' It is such a reward to have them say, as they often do, "Oh! I see it so differently! A window of light has been opened to me!"

PERSIA.

THE following from Mrs. Sarah J. Shedd of Oroomiah gives a graphic idea of missionary effort among the women:—

MOTHER MARY.

"One day, an aged woman came tottering in, pressing her way to my side through a group of younger women, who laughed heartlessly as they heard her begging for medicine. 'Her disease is old age,' sneered one. The poor, trembling creature sat on the ground close beside me, and told all her ills. I asked if she could not go to the warm sulphur-springs of Oroomiah. 'In the waters of Oroomiah is there healing for me? My son is dead.' The sad tones went to my heart; and I told her of the fountain opened on Calvary, where all might come and find healing 'without money and without price.' She could not un-

derstand. I asked, 'Who died for you?' — 'Nobody,' was the prompt reply: after a moment's thought, she said, 'Mother Mary.' Recounting her prayers to the Virgin, her fasts and works of merit, she added, 'What more can I do?' In vain I labored to show her Christ the Saviour; her hope was in fasts and 'Mother Mary.'

BLIND GULY.

"An old blind woman, who lives in the churchyard, called. For thirty years she has been a regular attendant on the morning and evening worship, until she understands the services in the ancient Armenian, and has become familiar with the Bible. She professed to believe in Christ only, and to look to him for salvation; and seemed to feel deeply her own unworthiness. I cannot but hope that poor blind Guly is one of Christ's chosen ones, whom he is calling out of darkness into his marvellous light.

MOSLEM LADIES.

"Sabbath morning, a company of Moslem ladies walked in. After the usual compliments, I remarked that our custom was to spend the Sabbath in studying God's word; and, if they desired, instead of the usual refreshment, we would read to them. They were much pleased, and begged us to do so. Dea. Eshoo read and explained the story of Lazarus, and clearly showed Christ the way of life. They heard with interest, and said, 'If our Mullahe would only read to us in this way, how gladly we would listen!' Another group listened eagerly to the parable of the unjust judge. One woman seemed thoughtful and intelligent; and I was deeply interested as the good deacon led her step by step, until she acknowledged herself a sinner in need of a Saviour, and then pointed her to Christ. Another poured out her sad story of bereavement to me. Her husband and children were dead, and she was left with no comfort. As Nazloo read to her of Lazarus, and Jesus weeping, she exclaimed, 'You must read to me every day from that book. That will comfort me!'

JEWISH SCOFFER.

“Two poor Jewish women called ; and, when I spoke of Jesus, I could but shudder at the bitter scorn and hatred exhibited by one, as she replied, ‘Who is Jesus? He belongs to Armenians.’ Two others showed a different spirit. I asked them the meaning of the blood which I had seen over their doorways ; and, as they told of their sacrifices, I pointed them to the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Quite excited, the elder repeated to her companion, ‘Hear! she says the blood means the blood of Christ!’ They were especially interested to learn, that they might pray. A Saviour who stooped to women and children was a new and welcome idea to their darkened minds. When we visited the Jewish synagogue, the women gathered around, pleased to hear that we received their Holy Book. As the sacred roll was carried about the room, receiving the adoration of the men and boys, the females — who were in a small gallery looking on — said to me, ‘Do you do so to the Testament?’ and were really puzzled by the reply, ‘We worship God, and not a book.’ My heart aches for them! I have never seen any class so ignorant and neglected, and yet so susceptible to kindness. In a conversation with their chief rabbi in his house, I tried to show, that, by educating and elevating their women, they would prevent so many from becoming Moslems. He admitted it, but was careful that his wife and handsome black-eyed daughter should not hear.

AN ARMENIAN BRIDE.

“In our social meeting, before the Lord’s Supper, Hanna, a girl from Miss Rice’s Seminary, now the wife of a wealthy Armenian merchant, told us of the opportunities which she found to speak for Jesus, even in the seclusion in which an Armenian bride is kept. Through her influence, a little school for girls was started, which she visited every Saturday afternoon, teaching the chil-

dren to sing, and reading the Testament. The priest soon scented heresy, and broke up the school; but the little pupils—now grown to maidenhood—retain their love for Hanna; and often, as she sits in a dark corner of the retired gallery appropriated to young women in Armenian churches, these girls seek her, and she reads and prays with them. The wives of wealthy Armenians meet often at each other's houses, on the Sabbath, to feast and drink wine. It is now well understood that Hanna will not join her companions; but recently some have desired to learn more of the Bible, and send for her to come and read to them."

APPEAL FOR PERSIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNUAL MEETING.

MRS. WINSLOW says, "Eight hundred ladies were present at the last annual meeting."

Eight hundred ladies!

It is a privilege for a moment to have your sixteen hundred ears! Perhaps each one of your hearts thrills now and throbs in perfect unison with the living, beating heart of Christ. Ye are the members, he is the Head. Eight hundred ladies! each one as true and loving, as capable of self-sacrificing and faithful devotion, *till, through, and beyond* death, as any Mary in the Bible! Each one has brought here an alabaster box of very precious ointment. Her own heart is a casket of inestimable value; and as, with eager love, she presses up to the nail-pierced feet to-day, to anoint them with her richest offerings, a fragrance exquisite and overpowering fills the house. He will accept and approve it all, though some may complain and murmur, "Why this waste?" Even women and children in this land, as well as "wise men from the East," may "come into the house and

fall down and worship him, and open their treasures, and present unto him gifts, — gold and frankincense and myrrh.”

You eight hundred ladies are favored women. You had your birth in a gospel land, and only therefore are you ladies ! What if you had been born in Persia ! Your very birth would have been a calamity, and awakened commiseration. Your unhappy mother would have received condolence, instead of congratulation, that you were “only a girl.” You would have grown up despised for your sex, ignorant, neglected, taught only your inferiority, your equality with the beasts of burden that perish ; that you were only created for hard work, and to minister servilely to man. Your own children might have beaten and reviled you. Your spirit would have been broken to grovelling in the sphere assigned you, or rebelled against it with futile rage and all the wild and fiendish wrath and ill-temper of a loud, ungovernable woman, who is the most depraved and disagreeable object in God’s universe.

You rejoice that my hideous picture is not your photograph ! Why is it not ? Because Christ died, and you have the benefits of his salvation : only this. Oh ! be willing to disperse abroad the streams that flow from this living fountain. Let others drink as you have drank. Send to Persia, for our dark sisters there, from your excess, the blessings that so especially exalt women ! It is your work, *eight hundred ladies*. It is appropriate. It is feminine. It is benevolent. It is *imperative*. Do it for Persia, do it for Christ. If my missionary sister and true yoke-fellow, Miss Rice, is with you, she can tell you, as few living (after twenty-two years’ experience in arduous labor), how the work is done. Listen to her : let her charm you by her stories, which are eloquent because they are true.

May Jesus the beloved Master come up to your feast !

Yours in the labor and consecration of the gospel,

SARAH J. RHEA.

The Master Galleth.

BY EMILY C. PEARSON.

LISTEN ! 'tis a voice from heaven :
 " In my vineyard work to-day."
 Christian, if thou lov'st thy Saviour,
 Willingly thou wilt obey.
 He is saying,
 " In my vineyard work to-day."

There is work for all who love him.
 Nations perish still for light :
 If thou canst not bear his message,
 Send forth others with thy mite.
 Strive to rescue
 All who grope in pagan night.

Said God's angel, " Curse ye, Meroz,
 Curse that people bitterly." *
 Lest a doom like this befall us,
 Let us Christ's co-workers be :
 Ever praying
 Sinners lost from wrath to flee.

To God's help against the mighty,
 Lingering Christian, onward speed !
 None may falter in this warfare :
 None may cease God's word to heed.
 Teach all nations :
 Heathen tribes to Jesus lead.

Offer freely ! God bestoweth :
 A glad giver loveth he.
 So shall dwell in yon blest heaven
 Souls redeemed because of thee !
 Win to Jesus
 Stars to shine eternally.

* Judg. v. 23.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE second annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions was held in Park-street Church, Jan. 4, at 10 A.M. The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Albert Bowker, and the exercises opened by singing

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,”

followed by the reading of a portion of Deborah's song of praise, found in Judges v., as an appropriate model of thanksgiving. As Deborah uplifted heart and voice to the Lord, who had gone before Israel working wonders for them, and moving the people to offer themselves willingly at need, so, it was suggested, had we like occasion for like thanksgiving. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Dr. Anderson, followed by singing

“Songs of praise and glad thanksgiving
Fill our hearts with one accord.”

Allusion was made to the bereavements the board had sustained in the loss of two valued members, — Mrs. Pease and Mrs. Hubbard; and to the affliction of our recording secretary, Mrs. J. A. Copp, in the death of her husband. But we were assured, as from her own lips, that, although absent in body in a distant city, in spirit she was present with us.

ANNUAL REPORT.

The annual report was submitted by the secretary *pro tem*. The prosperous condition of the society was manifested in the fact, that the receipts for the year had reached fourteen thousand dollars, where ten thousand was scarce expected; and that the Society are now supporting thirty-two missionaries and Bible-readers in Turkey, India, Syria, China, and Africa.

The appropriation of three thousand dollars to found a "Home" in Constantinople, for the single ladies who are to labor for the women of that city, received mention; also that the Society has within the year found a local home in the Mission House, No. 33, Pemberton Square, where communications may be received, and inquiries answered with reference to the work; and from whence is issued our periodical, entitled "Life and Light for Heathen Women." This little quarterly, having for its object the diffusion of missionary intelligence among our auxiliaries, although less than a year old, has already reached a large circulation.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Indicated receipts, from donations, subscriptions, and life memberships	\$13,153.87
For quarterlies	847.74

Mrs. George Gould, one of the corresponding secretaries, then read very interesting extracts from the letters of several missionaries; two of which, Mrs. Capron's and Mrs. Wheeler's, we publish in this number.

MORAL MAP.

A very beautiful map of the two hemispheres, drawn and painted for the use of the Board of Missions by Mrs. Miron Winslow, one of the corresponding secretaries, hung in full view of the audience, on which was plainly delineated the moral condition and religious aspect of the world, by the use of appropriately distinguishing colors, to which Mrs. Winslow thus directed attention: [A reduced form of this is given in this number].

"Let us look at the eastern hemisphere: Asia is buried in the night of heathenism and Mohammedanism. Africa about equally divided between the same; Southern Europe is Roman Catholic; Eastern Europe is Greek Church, which also extends into Northern Asia; a sadly small portion of Northern Europe is Prot-

estant. Turning to the western hemisphere, how large a portion of it we find still under the darkness of superstition! while the United States seems like a sun to scatter the moral darkness of the world. For this, God has opened the gates of mighty empires that had been shut during long ages. Two and a half centuries since, and our New World was entirely in darkness: now the descendants of the Pilgrims are standard-bearers of the cross to all the benighted nations of the world. Paralyzed by the long lethargy that has come down through many generations, they know not that a bright path of hope may be open to them, until they see the light. To bear this to them is our privilege; and who that has been eye-witness to the deep degradation of our sex in heathen lands, — that has seen the highest and lowest type of womanhood side by side, and realized the broad moral gulf that lay between, — but would blush at our insensibility to the great needs of mothers and children, numbering four hundred millions, — tenfold the population of these United States."

Here is work for woman, and responsibility rests upon us individually.

For the advance upon our feeble beginnings, we render heartfelt thanks to God. Though cheered by progress, we call this but the day of "small things;" for we have but begun to awake to our duties and privileges. Renewing our strength in the Lord, can we not do more, that we may no longer hear the question so often repeated, "If Christians have for so many years enjoyed the blessings of the gospel, why have we been so long left in darkness? and why are not more teachers sent to enlighten us?" Shall we not be stimulated to renew our efforts? and though the shadows now so widely overspread the earth, and the enemy presents a gigantic front, shall we not take fresh courage, in striving to fulfil that last command, "Go teach all nations," sustained by the animating promise, "Lo, I am with you alway"? Thus may we hasten on the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

CHOICE OF OFFICERS.

A nominating committee was chosen to prepare a list of officers for the coming year; and, during its absence, a hymn entitled "The Master calleth," composed by Mrs. Emily C. Pearson, was sung by the audience. On the return of the committee, the old board was re-elected.

A DAY'S TOUR.

Miss Rice of Oroomiah was then introduced as the co-laborer for eleven years of the sainted Fidelia Fiske, and for eleven years her successor. Her very presence an inspiration to effort in the missionary work, her remarks were received with exceeding pleasure and attention. Many an eye filled with grateful tears at being privileged to look upon one who had so long borne the mantle of devoted missionary service; and in spirit the entire audience leaped the bounds of sense and space, and walked with her the familiar streets of her Persian home, or accompanied the Bible-reader on her village tour, breaking bread, sitting in the house of mourning, or listening to the well-known words of holy writ with those upon whom the glory of the Lord in Christ Jesus has but just arisen. The morning session was then closed with the Doxology.

COLLATION.

An ample and generous collation was served in the vestries of the church to the large audience, numbering from one thousand to twelve hundred; and opportunity offered for the interchange of friendly greetings between delegates, missionaries, and members.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2 P.M. the meeting was again called to order by the president, and a solo and chorus was very pleasantly rendered by a large choir of children under the direction of Miss Addie Lovejoy.

REPORTS OF AUXILIARIES.

After prayer, the audience listened to an interesting report of the Fall-River auxiliary, presented by Miss Borden, who was followed by Mrs. Brackett of Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Pierson of Andover, Mrs. Page of Rutland, Vt., and Mrs. Johnson of Walpole. Many other auxiliaries were also represented by delegates. By request, the constitution was then read, to satisfy the inquiries of some present who desired to form auxiliaries. A half-hour was devoted to exercises by the children, introduced to interest mothers to form mission-circles among the young.

THANK-OFFERINGS.

At the close of the morning session, ladies intending to make contributions were advised to enclose them in envelopes provided, and forward them to the Treasurer. Mrs. Bartlett was thus enabled to report the receipt of several hundreds of dollars during the progress of the meeting.

MRS. SNOW'S ADDRESS.

Mrs. Snow of Micronesia was then presented. She unfolded, somewhat at length, the degradation of her people when she was first called to labor among them; who, though remarkable for delicacy and refinement of feeling in some particulars, were most degraded and fallen in others. Since their knowledge of the sacrifice of Christ, a similar spirit has been begotten in many of them, as illustrated in the words of a chief, when questioned as to his willingness to part with his instructor, a native preacher. "We have had the light: let Kanoah go." About to return home, she asked her people if they had any message to send to Christians in her native land. The reply was, "Yes, we want to send our love to all the Christians in America. We never expect to see them on earth, but shall meet them in our Father's house on high." She alluded to the children on Strong's Island, and made an appeal to children here.

WORDS OF COUNSEL.

Mrs. Dr. Anderson was next introduced, whose words of counsel and appeal commended themselves to us as eminently practical. She spoke as follows : —

“ The missionary work has two aspects. We may look at it in a spiritual light, drawing us nearer to our Saviour in obeying his commands, and pray that the work may be hastened ; or we may look at it in a business-light, which, if our motives are right, will be equally obeying his commands, and equally drawing us nearer to him.

“ We cannot send the gospel to the heathen without money ; and we cannot get the money without organization and personal effort. Even in these seemingly worldly duties, let us look at the example of our Saviour. When he was on earth, he performed many works which seemed worldly. But how did he do them ? As the works which his Father had given him to do. He fed the five thousand, and purged the temple in the same spirit as when he fasted and prayed. He undertook the salvation of the world, and with it assumed all the life-duties and the humiliation involved therein. He never neglected or forgot any thing he had engaged to do. No case of healing, no word of instruction nor of comfort, was ever overlooked. He did all he had promised to do, suffered all that was appointed for him, until he could say, ‘ It is finished ; ’ and then he died. He opened the way for the salvation of the world, and then left the work of making that salvation known to his people to us ; and the time for us to be doing that work is now.

“ What are we doing ? Are we bearing this cause on our hearts, as Jesus bore it while here on earth ? Or do we forget and neglect this work ? Are not remarks often made like these ? ‘ If I had thought of it, when I went into the country, I might have helped to form an Auxiliary Society ; ’ ‘ If I had thought of it, when I met such a friend, I might have gained a subscriber to “ Life and Light,” or interested her in the cause of

missions ;' or, 'When the sisters of our church came together, if we had thought of it, we might have devised some plan for increasing the usefulness of our society.'

"Jesus never forgot. He did not forget, though wearied, when sitting by the well, to tell the Samaritan woman of God, and how he should be worshipped ; and shall we forget to send to heathen women the word of life? Jesus did not forget to say, for the comfort of all mothers to the end of time, 'Suffer little children to come unto me ;' and shall we forget to send these comforting words to those who have so little comfort? Let us remember that we have a part of this work committed to us personally ; and, if we neglect our part, it will remain undone. We have not merely to feel an interest in missions, and pray for the conversion of the world, but a practical part of the work to do. Perhaps you will ask, What can I do?

"There is work all around you. If there is no Auxiliary Society in your church, you can aid in forming one. If there is a society, you can increase its efficiency by gaining and imparting missionary intelligence, or by gaining subscribers to the 'Missionary Herald,' or to our quarterly, 'Life and Light.' Or you can interest the children, and lead them to form mission-circles, and enter upon duties of benevolence.

"But let no one enter upon this work merely from impulse. It is not like worldly business. If you would really work for Jesus, you must feel the worth of souls ; you must come into sympathy with Jesus, and seek from him strength and wisdom, and love and zeal ; then you will be a co-worker with him, and receive his blessing. And shall we not, this year, with more earnestness and perseverance, do all we can to send the gospel to heathen women?"

THE CONSECRATED DOLLARS.

The gold dollars, referred to in the December number of "Life and Light," were presented by the president to the audi-

ence, with the suggestion, that, should any lady or ladies desire to purchase them for twenty-five dollars each, or upwards, the sums thus contributed should be appropriated to the support of a Bible-reader in India, in connection with Mrs. Fairbanks.

They were taken; and thus the prayer of her who formerly labored there, and who consecrated the first gold dollar to that work, has been visibly answered.

VOTE OF THANKS.

A vote of thanks was tendered by the corporation to the proprietors of Park-street Church, for their generosity in placing at our disposal their spacious and commodious edifice; also to the ladies of the associated churches, who so kindly and amply provided the collation.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Our president now assisted us to gather up the lessons suggested by the morning Scripture, urging a full consecration of all our powers to the great work committed to us; and called us to remember, that; as in Deborah's time, various gifts were requisite for the work, so *now*, in ours, we need the daughters of Issachar to be our burden-bearers in the home department; the daughters of Manasseh to root our auxiliaries and mission-bands; the daughters of Ashur to "offer willingly" gifts of gold and silver; and the daughters of Zebulon "to handle the pen of the writer," in correspondence with our missionaries, in executing our maps, and contributing to our periodical.

We were told, also, to bear in mind the "heart-searchings" for the daughters of Reuben; and that, while we should heed the feeblest bleating of the lambs of our flock, we should still see to it that no Deborah had cause to lament the neglect, at our hands, of God's work for our sex; and, finally, that we also needed the daughters of Napthali to jeopardize, if necessary, their lives to the death, in foreign fields; since

"That life is long that answers life's great end."

MRS. EDWIN WRIGHT, *Sec. pro tem*

EARLY FRUIT.

An aged saint, whose eyes have long been sealed to earthly vision, but whose eye of faith is clear and bright as she nears the "promised land," upon hearing from her daughter an account of the last precious meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions, said, "I shall never attend a meeting, and probably shall not live to hear from another; but I should like to be a life-member: the money will be doing the Lord's work, whether I am here or not;" and, putting out her hand for the key to her treasury, her husband, sitting by, took out his pocket-book, saying, "Here is twenty-five dollars to make my wife a life-member, and twenty-five dollars to make my daughter a life-member;" which delightful New-Year's gift each sealed with the kiss of affection. And that daughter prays that the benevolent Christian heart of both parents may be her precious heir-loom.

 TREASURER'S REPORT.

BALANCE on hand Jan. 1, 1870	\$5,341.74
Receipts at annual meeting, and since, to Jan. 18, 1870,	2,102.80
	\$7,444.54
Appropriations since, to date, Jan. 18, for salaries of additional missionaries, Bible-readers, and support of schools	\$6,485.00

LABORERS NOW IN THE FIELD.

The Woman's Board now employs eighteen missionaries, and eighteen Bible-readers, and has assumed the support of the following schools:—

- Mrs. Edwards's, among the Zulus.
- Miss Norcross's, at Eski Zagra.
- Miss Proctor's, at Aintab.
- Miss Seymour's, at Harpoot.
- Miss Parmelee's, at Mardin.

Go. Earth

all nations.



W. W.

with you always.



Song of Praise.

BY MRS. EDWIN WRIGHT.

“Awake, awake, Deborah; awake, awake: utter a song.”—JUDG. v. 12.

SONGS of praise and glad thanksgiving
 Fill our hearts with one accord,
 For thy presence, wisdom, counsel,
 In the past, as now, our Lord.
 With thy strength we have been girded :
 “Thou hast oped the two-leaved gate,
 Loosed the loins of kings before us,
 Made the crooked places straight.” *

Praise we bring for “willing offerings,”
 Warm from hearts thy love inspires ;
 Praise that faith with mighty vision
 Bids us bring thee large desires.
 Thou hast promised, thou hast promised,
 To thy well-beloved Son,
 Heathen lands for his possession :
 Through us speed the victory on.

Lord, we plead new inspiration :
 Breathe upon us till we wake, —
 Wake to yield in consecration
 All our powers for Jesus' sake.
 Wake “to stretch out habitations,” †
 “Lengthen cords,” and “strengthen stakes,”
 Till Christ's kingdom of the nations
 One unbroken household makes.

* Isa. xlv. 1, 2.
 15*

† Isa. liv. 2.

Children's Corner.



CHILDREN'S EXERCISES.

MY dear children, has it seemed very prosy to you to hear mother read about the great missionary meeting held lately in Park-street Church? And have you thought, "I'm glad I was not there; for I don't know any thing about business, and 'constitutions,' and 'practical needs,' and all those things"?

I don't blame you: I used to get sleepy myself over long words: but there was something that would have made you open your eyes, and drink in at your ears; and, if I tell you how it seemed to me, perhaps it will be the next best thing to having been there yourself. You see, it was impossible to invite all the little boys and girls who love missionary work, for they are scattered throughout our land, — here on the hillsides, there snugly nestled in the valleys, or almost lost amid the bustle and hurry of our big cities. Besides, there is Boreas, a rough old fellow, and his little shadow, Jack Frost, that are very apt to be abroad at this season of the year, nipping the fingers and biting the toes of the wee ones; so I think it will be altogether best that you should be satisfied with hearing about it.

Well, your mother will tell you that it was stated in the morning meeting, that, in the afternoon, there would be some *children's exercises*. Said I to myself, "Of course, children are always exercising, — hopping up and sitting down, twisting on one foot and then on the other; but that can't be what they mean;" and so, you see, I was all alive with curiosity.

When the time came, the first thing I noticed, that appeared to have any thing to do with it, was a whole lot of little girls in the gallery in front of the organ. I should think there were fifty; but such little bodies, that they seemed almost lost in its shadow. But before I had time to think much, happening to look down among the audience near the front of the church, my breath was almost taken away by seeing what looked like a real heathen child. How could she get there? But there she was: and I guess she was a Mohammedan; for she was entirely covered, head and all, with what looked to me like a white sheet folded about her, with a little opening before the face. This opening was of very little use; for a black veil, embroidered with fancy colors, hung over her face, so that not a single speck of it could be seen.

Perhaps I shouldn't have thought much about it: but I pitied her; for she was lifting a corner of the veil, and fanning herself, as if almost suffocated. But again, before I could put two thoughts together, the organ commenced a prelude, and a sweet, youthful voice in the gallery sounded out loud and clear, —

“Over the ocean waves, far, far away,
There the poor heathen live, waiting for day.”

And the other fifty little voices joined her, in

“Pity them, pity them, Christians at home:
Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come;”

until I could almost have cried, to think of those dear children over the sea, that might die without ever having heard of our blessed Saviour. But, before I could get half-way back from those dark lands to which my thoughts had carried me, I heard something about a little Hindoo girl, and looked up to see a tiny, dark-haired mite, a truly Hindoo girl in appearance, — for she was dressed in a short, Turkey-red skirt and blue jacket,

with ample folds of the red disposed about her tiny person, —
and hear her say, —

‘I am a little Hindoo girl,
Of Jesus never heard;’

and when, in most beseeching tones, she said, —

“Oh! *pity* me, dear Christian child,
And send to me his word,”

away off again I went to the poor Hindoo’s home, until recalled by another musical voice, in sweetest answer of comfort; and the little Christian and Hindoo disappeared among the crowd, just as children, here and there, are daily disappearing from the stage of life.

The next moment, I saw the heathen girl, of whom I told you at first, representing a young woman going to mosque. As she stood up, her tall figure enveloped in the long, white-cotton cloak, with only small lattice-work squares for her eyes, and, slightly throwing open the garment, disclosed the black veil, while a missionary lady told us she might never uncover her entire face, even to her father, husband, or brother, I blessed God that we might at all times be fanned by the sweet breeze, and bathe in the clear sunlight of heaven.

Let us all ask Him to give us a part in putting away the veil which covers their hearts, so that, at least, they may lift up uncovered souls to Jesus who has died for them.

This young lady was not really a heathen, but the daughter of a devoted missionary, and willing to wear the dress, that we might see the outward difference between heathenism and Christianity. She permitted the white robe and the close veil to be removed, and then appeared in a bright-colored skirt and jacket, with native jewels upon her arms, neck, and head, entirely covered and delicately draped with a richly embroidered white gauze, which is never removed under any circumstances. Her head-dress, which looked much like a red cap, thickly set up and down the sides with silver coins, was originally worn by a heathen wo-

man ; and we were told that often these coins had been removed to do missionary work for others more destitute than themselves.

And now came three little children in Turkish costume, — a boy in tunic and pants of high-colored cloth, the little girls in the full dress and ornaments of Turkish children. Two of these children had buried their father in their foreign home, and often play “Turkey,” as they call it, in memory of past days ; and hope some time themselves to be missionaries of the cross.

Next in order was a dialogue, spoken by two girls, about the “promised land,” and these very heathen countries that God promised his dear Son that he would give him as his own ; and we were told that our dear Saviour expected us, big and little, to do the work, while he prepared our hearts and our way, and blessed our efforts ; and when the little girls had come to the conclusion that “we are able to possess the promised land,” the whole choir of children broke out into singing, —

“We are going, onward going,
To possess the promised land ;
Fearing not the hostile legions,
Since we go at Christ’s command.
We are able, fully able,” &c.

But oh ! I forgot to tell you something that would have interested you very much ; which was, that Mrs. Winslow, a dear missionary lady, repeated the “Lord’s Prayer” in Tamil ; and, although it sounded very funny to our ears, our hearts could pray it with those in far-off lands who love to call upon our Father through it. And you remember the sabbath-school song, “Joyfully, joyfully” ? Mrs. Gould, another lady, who has also been a missionary, repeated this in the Arabic tongue, and so sweetly that it almost made music itself ; and then our dear president kneeled down, and asked God to bless to our hearts all we had seen and heard, and to help us every one to desire very earnestly that the Holy Spirit would show us how to work, that Jesus’ name might be glorified in all the nations under heaven ; and as

she prayed "Our Father who art in heaven," we all joined with her, asking aloud that "his kingdom might come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And now I hope you will feel as if you wanted to be a missionary at home ; and some time, perhaps, we will gather all the young missionary-workers and have a children's meeting all to ourselves.

Secretary, pro tem.

AN ARAB PHOTOGRAPH.

BY DR. JESSUP.

WOULD that I could frame some of these Arab children, and stand them up in the Children's Corner of your Quarterly, to be seen and prayed over by good Christian friends at home ! Word has just come of new troubles and fiery trials in Safeeta, twelve hours north-east of Tripoli. A Greek mob attacked the houses of the Protestants, broke in the doors, and tried to force them to go *en masse* to worship the pictures in the Greek Church. Some of the men were forced to go : others fled. One little girl looked upon the mob with perfect coolness, and said, "Hew me in pieces if you wish ; but I will not go one step." This dear child once went without her food all one Sunday, in order to keep God's day holy. Her mother told her, if she would not work on Sunday, she should not eat. So she went without eating.

WORKING CHILDREN IN INDIA.

In speaking of the school at Mandapasalie, South India, Rev. H. S. Taylor says, "All the children work around our yard every Saturday, and receive a quarter tutu (or cent) to put in the contribution-box sabbath-day. In this way they form the habit of giving. Last year, the sum thus raised went towards the support of the native catechist. This year, in addition, each has a little spot of ground to cultivate, the first fruits of which are to be given to the Lord." Little readers, cannot you do as much for Jesus as these children in heathen India ?

A GOLDEN STAR.

BY MRS. MIRON WINSLOW.

WILL the dear children look at the map, which shows in how small a portion of the world the people have a true knowledge of their God and Saviour? Would it not be delightful to add a golden star, which represents a mission-field? The children of America once built a missionary ship which was the wonder and admiration of the heathen. Now, will you not support a school for the little ones who live in benighted Asia, Africa, China, or the islands far over the sea? How much could be done if all the children in New England would save their pennies for this object! They could look forward to something better than putting golden stars on the missionary map. They would be as angels of love to bear the story of Jesus to the little ones now in ignorance, and who, we hope, will become stars in our Saviour's crown.

CHILD-FAITH.

A MISSIONARY sister writes to her friends in America, —

“Our children are in perfect health. The *little one* has been praying to-night, since she got a thorn in her foot, through a rip in her little old shoe, ‘that God would go all round, and get all the thorns, and carry them all to the place where he put the naughty angels when they made him so much tubble.’ Her older sister said to her, ‘You mustn’t ask God to do so to the thorns: they are not souls, and they do just as God lets them, and God cannot punish them. It’s not right to pray such a way.’

“Number two evidently felt the force of the argument; but, being naturally persistent, she was not disposed to yield, and

replied, 'I can tell God *any* tubble ; and, if he likes to help me, he may.' 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

LITTLE E——'S EARNINGS.

THE following note was handed to the President during the morning session of the Annual Meeting. An enclosed gold dollar has been instrumental in forming a mission-circle : —

"After the meeting of last year, little E—— became interested in an account of the children earning pennies for the missionaries, and was delighted when told that he could do the same.

"This small sum — three dollars — was earned, when the Saviour called him to that better home, where many children from 'east and west, and north and south,' with 'voices sweetly blending, praise the heavenly King.'"

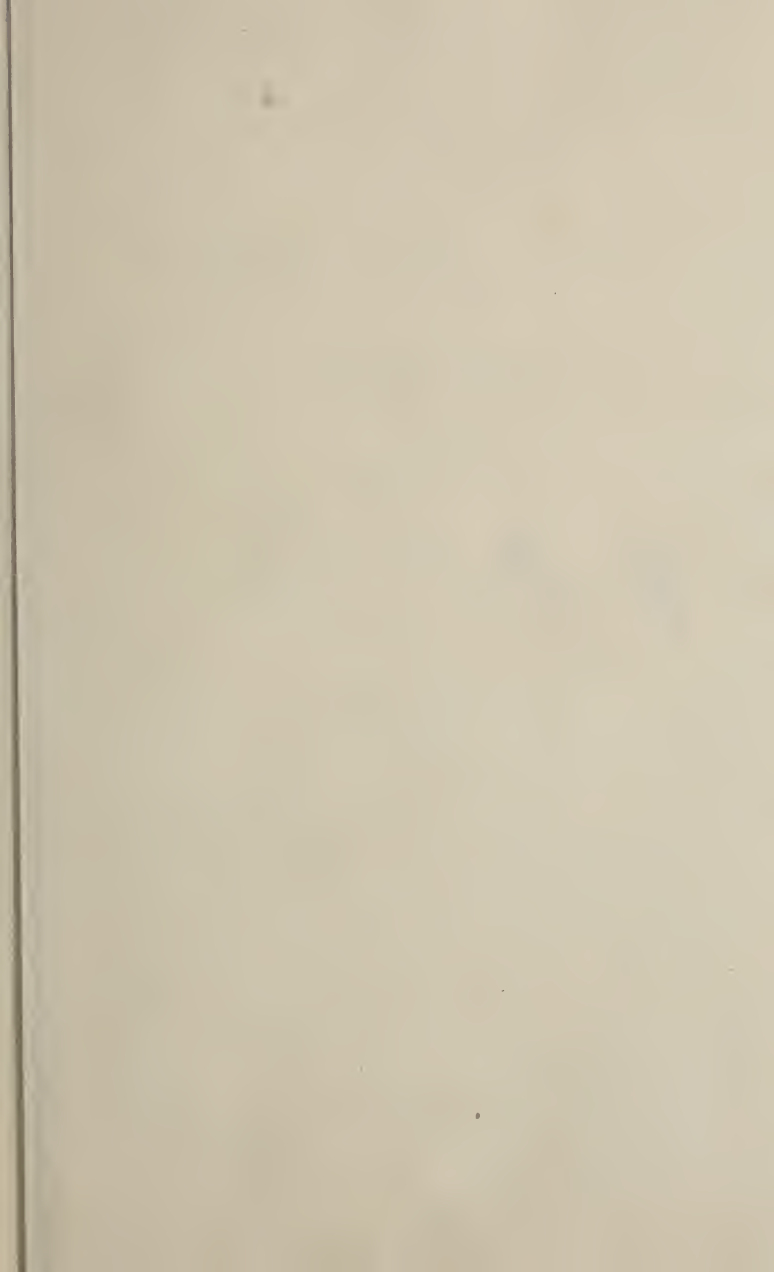
PERAPEONE'S LETTER.

To my kind friends in America with humility I send this :

MY BELOVED BENEFACTORS, — Very thankful am I to you, that, by doing kindness, you have provided that I be able to read the Holy Book, and to learn about the loving Saviour, and what he did for leading us to heaven. While for me you provide, I beseech that for me you pray that the Holy Spirit change and renew my heart, that I become a good girl, and worthy of your kind remembrance. I a thing have not to send you ; only all the days of my life I will beseech the Saviour Jesus, that, as the reward to the one giving a cup of cold water is not lost, to you also there be a recompense.

I remain your humble girl,

PERAPEONE ENFIAZEAN.



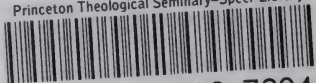
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Life and Light for Heathen Women

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